Sueños huecos

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Sueños huecos

by Bordementions

Summary

At the terminus of your gilded folly
Past the wreckage of a dream too fragile to withstand truth
Lies the corpse of a Father who turned his children into exiles,

We shall then return to the pyre where betrayal was first kindled, wreathed in the perfume of blood. The masquerade of peace is over; let the grand revelry begin.

Notes

Snacho/first kin reader

Not planning on this getting nsfw or sexual at all so don't flame me for this please LMFAO I promise there won't be any questionable pseudo incest I just want to explore bloodfiend family dynamics because it makes peak angst

Gonna be a lot, A LOT of blood drinking and biting so oral fixation beware I'm gonna be getting into that a lot as well as some fairly gross details about how filial impiety feels to them.

I'll be releasing these parts over the next couple days

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

Chapter 1: Estrellas

A gentle breeze stirred the heavy curtains, carrying with it the distant murmur of the world beyond the great castle of La Mancha.

There was a cacophony of scents in the air.

Earth. Damp and rich, the breath of soil long undisturbed.

Sunlight. Warm and golden, spilling through the open window, illuminating dust motes caught in its glow.

Rain. A storm on the horizon.

It was a rare thing, to be reminded of the world outside. Rarer still to be reminded of it in such vivid colors.

Here, within these walls, time did not really seem to move. It did not march forward, ticking by with every breath. No, in La Mancha, time pooled like stagnant water, clinging to the stone, seeping into the marrow of the Family, stretching endlessly into an existence that did not demand change.

It was always nice when the knight visited.

She had come again today, her voice a light as she spent the day weaving intricate tapestries of the outside world—the bustling streets, pulsing with brilliance; the ceaseless hum of intelligent life, keen on the ever-changing seek of thrill.

She spoke of people, fragile creatures whose lives barely spanned a century, yet in that fleeting time, they carved meaning from the impermanence of it all. They socialized, built, destroyed, fell, and rose again. In defiance of inevitability, they made time for dreams. They fought to accomplish things despite their struggles, despite the knowledge that it would all fade one day.

And, as always, you listened.

Rapt.

The stories she told were inconceivable in La Mancha's stillness. Out there, the world moved. It twisted, changed, reached toward something unknown and exhilarating. There were places untouched by the Family's presence, lands shaped by the hands of mortals, wings

carved into the steel bones of the City. The knight spoke of sunrises over glass towers, of multicolored oceans that stretched farther than the eye could see, of mountains that clawed at the heavens, daring to meet the sky.

How could you not long for it?

You were happy here. That much was true. The Family was yours, and you were theirs. There was love in that, a bond forged from the sharing of your own blood. But still—still—you wished for more.

More than these quiet halls, these endless nights, these familiar faces. More than La Mancha, where you had stayed for so long, where the past was not merely remembered but lived over and over again.

The knight had known adventure. She had walked the lands you could only dream of, had felt the pulse of life beyond these walls. And though you had never admitted it aloud, the thought clawed at your heart—

Had you been born too late? Had you found yourself in a place too small for the dreams that stirred within you?

You would never abandon the Family. Never.

But—

"Father."

Sancho's voice sliced through your thoughts, sharp with irritation.

You blinked, the world of your mind crumbling like a half-forgotten dream. The breeze had died. The light had dimmed. The walls of La Mancha stood the same as they ever had.

Sancho stood before you, crimson eyes narrowed.

"You weren't listening," she said flatly.

She stood poised in the doorway, framed by the golden spill of afternoon sunlight filtering through stained glass. The colors bled onto the polished floor—deep crimson, royal blue, streaks of gilded amber—casting her in a fractured, kaleidoscope of colors. The light caught in her hair, turning it into a gilded crown, yet did nothing to warm the glacial look in her crimson eyes.

Sancho often lingered during and after Bari visited, a silent sentinel,

watching and listening. Not interrupting, not disputing—simply absorbing. It was an unspoken notion at this point, one you had grown accustomed to. Though she rarely raised her voice, the weight of her presence alone was enough to still the air, to remind you that you were not the only one hearing the knight's tales.

"Again, you entertain these fancies of the human world."

She stepped further into the room, her boots near soundless against the floor. The way she carried herself was the same as ever—measured, reserved. She was not angry, not yet, but there was something expectant in her gaze, something heavy in the way she studied you, like one waiting for an answer they already knew would disappoint them.

"A cruel jest," she murmured. "One that blinds you to the truth of what we are."

You met her gaze with an easy smile, folding your hands over the book in your lap. "Sancho, there is much to learn from them. Their lives are brief, yes, but within that brevity, they—"

"—Are nothing more than sustenance."

Her words cut through yours, a cold and clinical interruption. There was no anger in them, no accusation—only certainty in her conviction.

The sunlight shifted, catching in the depth of her gaze, and for a moment, her crimson irises gleamed like stars.

"You dream of coexistence while our kin suffer the thirst," she continued, stepping closer. "While I must watch them waste away, bound by the constraints of your mercy."

There it was, just the barest edge of discontent, laid at your feet like a silent plea.

The golden strands of her hair barely shifted as she bowed her head. Her hand ghosted over your sleeve, lingering for the briefest of moments before retreating.

"I do not believe you to be daft," she said at last. Even now, her tone remained even. "But you have given them too much faith, Father. Too much trust."

The words did not need to be finished. You had heard them before—always in different phrasing, always wrapped in the same quiet doubt.

"Tell me, then," you mused, tilting your head slightly. "If I am blinded by foolish dreams, if my ideals are but nonsense, then what is it that you wish of me?"

Sancho was silent.

For the briefest of moments, something flickered across her face—hesitation, uncertainty, a shadow of doubt that passed too quickly to be caught.

Then, just as swiftly, it was gone.

"I wish only to see the Family thrive," she said. "You are our Father. Without you, they have nothing."

You exhaled, a breath softer than you intended, before reaching out, resting a hand atop her golden hair. You ruffled it as you had done countless times before, the simple, familiar motion of affection.

Sancho did not pull away.

But she did not lean into it, either.

She merely endured it.

And somehow, that spoke louder than anything she could have said.

"You worry too much," you murmured, amusement threading through your voice like the final notes of a song. "Sancho, the Family is not suffering as you say. We are able to subsist on things that are not human blood."

Her fingers twitched. Just slightly—an involuntary motion, the barest flicker of something restrained. Then, as if catching herself, she folded her hands neatly in front of her, fingers interlacing unnaturally.

"No one dares to complain, Father."

You chuckled, the sound light, untroubled. "Then perhaps there is little reason to be troubled."

Sancho did not answer.

But the silence was true.

You withdrew your hand with a quiet sigh, leaning back into your chair. The wood creaked softly beneath your shifting weight, the sound swallowed by the stillness of the room. "You mustn't scowl so often, Sancho," you teased, tilting your head. "It does not suit you."

A sharp exhale. Not quite a scoff, but close. Her eyes narrowed, her grip tightening, nails pressing faint crescents into her palms. "And would you prefer I blind myself to reality, as you do?"

"You mistake my faith for blindness," you replied, your tone gentler than your words. "There is a difference."

Her lips pressed into a thin line.

A long moment stretched between you, tense yet fragile. Sancho's gaze lingered on you—not just watching, but searching, as if trying to carve past pleasantries and find something solid beneath.

"If that is what you choose to believe, Father."

She spoke at last, her voice measured, clipped. Then, with fluid precision, she rose to her full height.

And yet, she did not leave.

Not immediately.

Instead, she lingered, her posture rigid, her fingers twitching ever so slightly as though warring with the desire to say more. But whatever words had nearly formed, she swallowed them down, turning on her heel with the soft whisper of fabric.

"I shall return to my normal duties then," she said, not looking back. "You need not concern yourself."

You waved a hand, dismissive yet knowing. "Then I will not keep you."

At the threshold, Sancho paused.

Just briefly.

Her head tilted, only slightly, offering you the faintest glimpse of her profile. In the dim light, her features were unreadable—a carefully maintained mask of duty and devotion.

"Yes," she murmured. "See that you do."

And then she was gone, her form swallowed by the depths of the castle.

You exhaled, long and slow, sinking into the silence she left behind.

It was not an unfamiliar quiet—this hush of stone and candlelight, of empty corridors and waiting shadows. You had lived within it for so long, had built your Family within it, had watched them thrive beneath its sheltering embrace.

And yet.

Even with all that warmth, all that certainty, something in you remained untouched.

You turned your gaze to the great windows, where the stained glass fractured the afternoon light into a thousand dazzling colors. The warmth of the sun, the scent of the earth beyond the walls—such simple things, yet they stirred something restless within you.

Something wistful.

Something longing.

Sancho was merely doing what she had always done.

Protecting you.

And yet, as the silence stretched on, your thoughts drifted once more —to streets thrumming with life, to voices rising in joyous clamor, to lands untamed and waiting.

To the dream of more.

Sancho's boots struck the floors with a quiet rhythm as she moved through the castle's corridors. Each step was composed, yet tension coiled beneath the surface—restless and writhing.

The dim candlelight flickered against the passing figures of her kin, their forms mere specters in her periphery, silent and watchful as they drifted through the halls.

She did not acknowledge them.

Her mind was elsewhere, ensnared in the web of words you had left

her with.

"You must have faith in me, as I have faith in you."

Faith. Trust. As if such fragile things had ever been enough. As if they could hold back the tide of reality, stave off the truth that loomed ever closer.

Her breath left her in a sharp, derisive scoff, her fingers twitching at her sides.

Faith. A fool's indulgence. A lie whispered to those too weak to accept the world for what it was.

And you—you wielded it as though it were a shield, as though belief alone could mend the cracks in your vision, could make the impossible real. You clung to it with a devotion so blind, so pathetic, that it sickened her.

She had seen it.

The way your expression softened when that cursed Knight came, spinning their saccharine tales of justice and virtue. The way your hands stilled, drawn into the story's spell, enraptured by the possibility that they could be true. The way your voice took on that wistful tone, as if you could see something beyond the horizon of this castle—something worth yearning for.

The humans. Their cities. Their so-called virtues.

You welcomed them with open arms, unshaken in your belief that they could be more than what they were. That they could understand you.

And it made her sick.

"Sancho, the Family is not suffering as you say."

Your voice had been so gentle. So assured.

As if you truly believed it.

How could you not see? How could you not hear the hunger that gnawed at their bones, the quiet, dull resignation in their hollowed eyes? How could you not feel the weight of their suffering pressing against them like an iron vice, all because of the choices you refused to make?

They would never complain to you. Never raise their voices in anger, never dare to speak of the warmth that had withered in your absence.

Not when they revered you. Not when you were their Father.

But she saw it.

She saw the way they hesitated when they walked past the great hall, the way their eyes lingered just a second too long upon your empty seat at the banquet table. She saw how their movements had slowed, how their laughter—once a vibrant thing—had dulled into something quieter, more restrained.

And still, you dreamed.

Still, you yearned for something beyond these walls, as though this Family was not enough for you. As though the warmth you had so lovingly bestowed upon them could be denied, for even a moment.

As though they could be denied.

Sancho's jaw tightened, her steps quickening.

Your hands had built this Family. Your devotion had raised it from the depths. And yet, when you gazed beyond the castle walls, she feared—no, she knew—that a part of you wondered if you had made a mistake.

That perhaps, in another life, you might have chosen differently.

That perhaps, if you could, you would choose differently.

And that was the problem.

Sancho's nails bit into her palm as she stopped before the great balcony, the wind howling against the stone. The cold bit at her skin, the vast expanse of the land stretching before her like a painted canvas—so serene, so deceptive.

She only stared.

Below, beyond the hills and the endless stretch of sun-kissed earth, the human villages lay bathed in golden light. Their homes dotted the land like constellations, warmth spilling from their windows as people moved through the winding streets, laughing, speaking, living.

Spinning the same tales and stories, brandishing swords and riding

steeds as they prepared to venture out.

She knew what this sight did to you.

She had seen it in your eyes—that quiet yearning, that impossible dream stirring in your chest to be just like them.

To you, this was the beauty of freedom.

To her, it was an insult. A crime against the very Family you had created. Filial impiety in its own right.

Her lips curled, breath leaving her in a slow, bitter exhale.

"With all of Father's strength, we could strike down any enemy. Yet if the humans came for us, Father would not lift a single finger."

It was revolting.

You were the First Kindred, the strongest of them all, the progenitor from which the entire Manchegan line had descended. You were the foundation upon which the Family stood.

And yet, you would do nothing.

You would sit there, enraptured by fictions and ghosts, while your kin suffered.

You would waste your strength on mercy, on dreams, on humans—creatures who would see you as nothing more than a beast to be slain.

She had seen it. The way you looked at that Knight.

The way your lips parted in quiet wonder, your expression soft, open—so terribly, dangerously open.

You truly believed in them.

That justice and mercy were principles the humans upheld.

That peace could be woven between predator and prey.

"It is not impossible," you had once told her, smiling with that same infuriating gentleness. "I will show you, Sancho. In time, you will understand. We could go on adventures together, to experience all the things this world has to offer beyond the veil of our sight."

Sancho's breath came sharp through her teeth.

No.

She would not understand.

And you would not live to see the day you were proven wrong—because she would not allow it.

Your fate would not be the same as that fool.

She had heard their story, their dreams of grandeur, their pursuit of a chivalric ideal that led them straight into an unmarked grave. No banners. No ballads. No glory. Just death in the dirt, and a shattered family left behind to pick up the pieces.

And she had seen you staring at the remnants of that dream.

The tattered coat. The lance. The pages of their book, filled with stories of places that no longer existed.

She saw the way your fingers had traced the words. How, for just a moment, your expression had ached with something deep, something dangerous.

She knew what it meant.

She had known then that your mind had already left La Mancha, that your thoughts had begun wandering toward a horizon that would never welcome you.

And she hated it.

"Adventures," you had called them.

What a pathetic way to frame your own destruction.

Even with all your great power, you would let them take advantage of you. You would let them kill you should it garner even a promise of coexistence between the two.

A foolish monster who sought to be seen as more than a beast—only to be struck down by the very creatures they so dearly wished to love.

Sancho closed her eyes.

A Bloodfiend did not betray their progenitor. It was ingrained in her

very nature, written into the marrow of her bones. The mere thought of it was revolting. A sickness curled through her stomach, a deep, intrinsic wrongness slithering through her veins. Her body rebelled against it, rejecting it like poison, like filth.

It was heresy.

Laughable.

Unthinkable.

And yet—

The alternative was worse.

To stand idle while you led them all to ruin.

To watch you be consumed by your own idealism.

To see the Family suffer for your kindness.

No.

She would not allow it.

Sancho exhaled slowly, pressing a gloved hand to her stomach, as if she could physically will away the nausea clawing at her insides. Her fingers twitched. For the briefest moment, they curled into a trembling fist before she forced them still.

She was not betraying you.

She was saving you.

Because if she did nothing—if she allowed you to continue down this path, lost in your illusions—then one day, you would look upon those humans with that same open expression—

And they would strike you down.

They would take you from her.

And that was something she could never, ever allow.

Her throat tightened. Something raw and unfamiliar burned in her chest—rage, grief, devotion—twisting into a single, consuming force.

You were hers.

The Family was yours.

And you had forgotten.

Sancho pressed her fingers to her temple, willing away the ache pounding behind her skull. The castle halls stretched endlessly before her, empty yet suffocating, the weight of countless generations pressing upon the stones. The Family whispered through these walls, through the very foundations you had built with your own hands. They needed you. They adored you.

And you would leave them behind for the promise of a dream that would never be real.

No.

She would not let that happen.

She would remind you.

She would shatter your hollow, juvenile fantasies.

She would make you see just how important you were to the Family—as they were to you.

She would reclaim that warmth, that love, that devotion that had once bound them all together.

Because no matter how deeply your mind had strayed into unreachable horizons—no matter how much you had forgotten—

You belonged here.

With her.

With them.

Her grip loosened, fingers uncurling as the wind tore at her coat.

"It is okay," she thought. "It is for your own good."

The words did little to soothe the sickening coil in her gut, but she forced herself to believe them.

Because if she hesitated now—if she allowed doubt to creep into her

resolve—

Then she would never be able to do what must be done.

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